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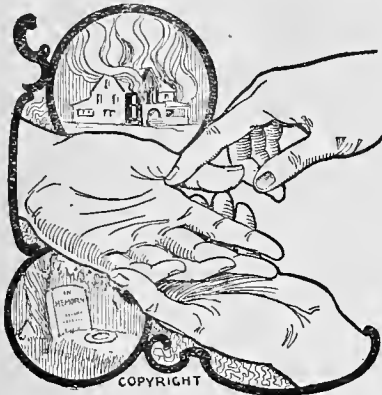
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THE SOCRATIC METHOD IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.*

SOME bad teachers confine themselves to lecturing their pupils. Here the children may remain quite passive: the teacher does all the work and is quite content if at the end of the lesson he has told his pupils a great many new things. Other bad teachers fall into the opposite error of making the pupils do all the work. A lesson is prescribed which the children are expected to prepare, while the teacher confines himself to the work of seeing that the lesson has been prepared. Of the two methods the second is better than the first, but neither should be tolerated. Do not fall into error here. Remember that lecturing is excellent in its place: so is careful examination to see that pupils have prepared any lesson that has been prescribed. But neither lecturing nor examination can take the place of teaching which includes both and much more besides. There are many methods of teaching, but all that are worthy of our serious attention have at least this one quality in common—they insist upon a division of labor between master and pupil. The interchange of thought between the teacher and the pu-

pil may be called a process of dialectic.

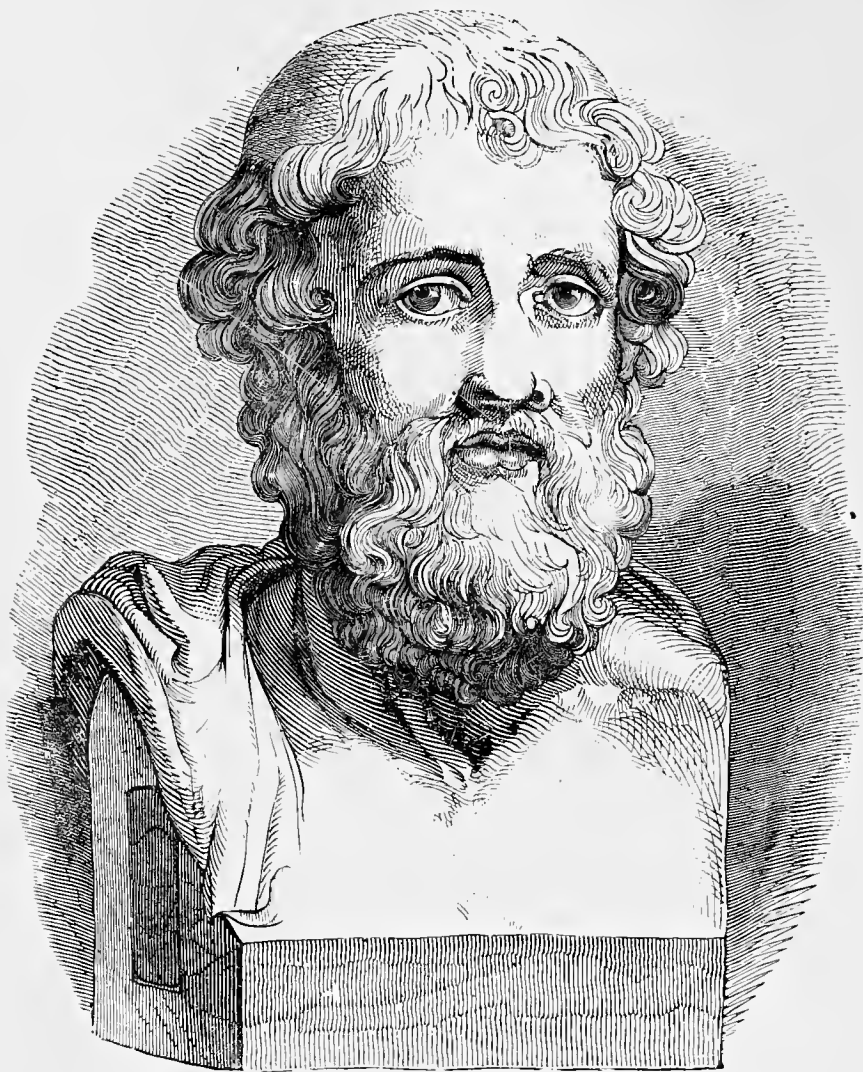
There is one form of dialectic method associated with the name of an old Greek philosopher who was born about 470 B. C. Socrates came into the world with a thirst for truth, and a passion for teaching. His whole life was spent in seeking truth, and in trying to make others share in his search. He went about Athens doing little else than teaching everybody who would listen to him. But his way of going about his work was peculiar. He did not lecture, or explain things as one who knew a great deal more than other people. On the contrary he professed that he was a very ignorant person whose sole object was to learn things from everyone he happened to meet. This is called the Socratic irony, for Socrates really knew in most cases the true answers to the questions he asked, while the people to whom he put the questions were usually ignorant, without knowing how ignorant they were. The only knowledge Socrates claimed was the knowledge of his own ignorance, and the first step in the method is to convince the pupil of his own ignorance, and thus make him willing to learn.

* Abridged from Adams' "Primer on Teaching."

It was one of Socrates' peculiarities to

maintain that he never taught anybody anything. All that he did was to make them teach themselves. Socrates did not lecture in a regular School or College. He did his teaching whenever he hap-

dinary sense of that word, but dealt with all who came his way. His usual plan was to lead up to some word, and ask its meaning. The person spoken to usually answered readily enough, thinking he



SOCRATES.

pened to meet anyone who cared to talk with him, often in the open air. The market place at Athens was a favorite resort of his, as there he met people of all classes. He had no pupils in the or-

knew all about it. Then Socrates would point out some defect in the answer—did it mean so-and-so? or did it mean something else? The man would then mend his answer, only to find that Socrates had

new objections. This would go on for a time, till at last the man would get tired, and feel convinced that he did not know so much as he had thought. This was Socrates' opportunity, and from this point he would by skilful questions lead his humbled acquaintance to find out for himself the true meaning of the word.

The pupil treated on the Socratic method passes through three stages.

1. Certainty—but without any foundation for this certainty.

2. Doubt—accompanied by the desire to know, and a striving after knowledge.

3. Certainty—based upon careful thinking.

The nature of the Socratic method may be better understood by the following modernised example. Suppose Socrates could rise out of his twenty-three hundred year old grave (and could speak English) he might come along to the play-ground, and finding John Thomson the pupil-teacher standing there doing nothing in particular, might enter into conversation with him. By and by he might ask quite casually:

"By the way, Thomson, what is an insect? I often hear people talking about insects, and I'd like to be quite sure what they mean."

Then Thomson would feel very big at being asked in that way by such an old man, and would answer in an offhand style.

"Oh, an insect? Why, I thought *everybody* knew that. An insect's—let me see—yes, an insect's a little animal with wings."

Then Socrates might look beyond the school railings at a hen pecking among the stones in the road, and say:

"Well, well, now. So that's an insect. D'ye know, I wouldn't have thought that now."

And Thomson would be angry, and think that Socrates was not just such a nice old man as he had supposed, and

would go on to explain that a hen was far too big for an insect.

Socrates, on the other hand would be quite nice about it, and say:

"So an insect is a *very small* animal with wings."

TH. (relieved) Yes.

SOC. Is a humming bird small enough?

TH. (shortly) No: an insect isn't a bird at all.

SOC. Then an insect is a *very small* animal with wings *that isn't a bird*?

TH. (again relieved). Yes.

SOC. In a shop, yesterday, I saw a little package marked "Keating's Powder" which was said to kill all insects. There were some pictures of very small animals that weren't birds, but they hadn't wings, so I suppose it was a mistake putting them there, for they couldn't be insects without wings, could they?

(Thompson is now sure that Socrates is a very disagreeable old man, and wonders that he had not noticed before what an ugly pug nose the old man has.)

TH. (bitterly). Yes, they're insects right enough. Everybody knows *them*. You don't mean to say you don't know them?

(But Socrates never answers side questions like this last. He always keeps to the main point.)

SOC. Dear me! Dear me! What are we to say now? An insect is a *very small* animal with wings that *isn't a bird*, and *sometimes hasn't wings*. Really, I don't think I quite know yet what an insect is.

TH. (with a happy inspiration, and the memory of a reading lesson). Oh, an insect is an animal that begins as a grub, goes on to be a chrysalis, and ends by being a perfect butterfly.

SOC. How interesting! Now how long would you say Keatings insects—the ones without wings, you know—would take to become perfect butterflies?

TH. Oh, bother! You do nothing but

find fault. Tell me what an insect is—you.

Soc. But you forget, my dear Thomson, that I don't know. I'm only asking for information. Let's examine three or four animals that we know to be insects, and see wherein they resemble each other. Which animals shall we take.

TH. Oh, let's take the butterfly, the bee the spider and—and, say, the beetle.

Soc. Good: but, by the way, my friend the professor happened to say the other day that the spider isn't an insect, though like you I thought it was, and so do most people. Let's examine it along with those we are sure about, and see how it differs from them: that will help us to find out what an insect really is.

And so the conversation goes on. They find that the spider has eight legs, while all the genuine insects have only six; that all the insects are made up of a series of rings; that these rings are grouped into three sets; that all have either wings or traces of wings, and so forth.

But it must not be supposed that the Socratic method is limited to the work of definition. All sorts of subjects may be treated in the same way. The essential element of the method is the reciprocal action between teacher and pupil. In particular the Socratic irony is not of fundamental importance. With the haughty intellectual Athenians it was necessary to break their pride in order to make them willing to learn, and with some of our conceited pupils we may perhaps use it occasionally with advantage; but in ordinary Sunday School work the irony part may well be omitted. Our pupils are usually willing enough to be interested without the irritation that often accompanies the first stage of a Socratic lesson. Thomson in the above example might have been led to desire instruction without being driven to such exasperation as fell to his lot. In his own teaching, So-

crates found that his method often had the effect of numbing his friends just as the torpedo fish numbs its victims. By the time the first stage was complete Socrates sometimes found that his friend had been so affected by this "torpedo shock" as to be unable or unwilling to answer any more questions. The same thing may be seen today if a teacher uses the Irony vigorously at the first stage. A class will frequently cease to answer altogether when it finds that all its answers are turned against itself and made ridiculous. At the same time the first stage is necessary in order to lead to the desire to know the truth. The pupils, however, may be quite well led to see the incompleteness of their answers without being humiliated. Stimulation may be made to take the place of the torpedo shock, if the pupil is made to feel that he and the master are engaged in the same hunt for truth. The following example—a verbatim report of an actual lesson—shows how the method can be applied to an ordinary lesson, without repelling the pupils.

TEACHER. Is the breath hot or cold?

PUPIL. (confidently). Hot, sir.

T. I have seen boys blowing upon their soup at dinner-time. I don't think they ought to do it; but what do you think they do it for?

P. To cool the soup.

T. What cools the soup?

P. (hesitatingly). The breath.

T. But didn't you say the breath was hot?

P. Yes, sir.

T. But hot things can't cool anything, can they?

P. No, sir.

T. And the breath cools the hot soup?

P. Yes, sir.

T. So the breath can't be hot then?

P. No, sir.

T. Well, I have sometimes seen cab-

men standing at a street corner, and sometimes boys in the middle of a snow-fight, blowing away into their joined hands. What do you think they do that for?

P. To warm their hands.

T. What warms their hands?

P. (hesitatingly). Their breath.

T. But I thought you said the breath was not hot?

(Pupils puzzled—a hand held out.)

T. Well, what do you think?

P. Sometimes it's hot, and sometimes it's cold.

T. When is it hot, and when is it cold?

P. Hot in summer, and cold in winter.

T. And when do you see people breathing upon their hands to warm them—in summer?

P. No, sir, in winter.

T. But you said the breath was cold in winter.

(Pupils again puzzled.)

T. What sort of soup do careless boys blow upon? Kidney soup, or pea soup, or white soup, or what?

P. (confidently). Any kind, sir, that's too hot to eat.

T. Then whether is a boy's hand in a snow-fight or this soup the warmer?

P. The soup.

T. Whether is the boy's breath or his hand the warmer?

P. The breath.

T. And whether is the breath (the same breath, at the same time, on the same snowy day) or the soup the warmer?

P. The soup.

T. So the breath is warmer than the boy's hands, and colder than the soup?

P. Yes, sir.

T. And it is the same breath all the time?

P. Yes, sir.

T. Then it is both hot and cold?

P. Ye—yes.

T. If you were the soup, what would you call the breath, hot or cold?

P. Cold.

T. And if you were the boy's hands?

P. Hot.

T. And if you were a snow-ball, what would you call it?

P. Hot.

T. And if you were the stove over there?

P. Cold.

T. So the breath is hot for some things and cold for others, and that's all we can say, isn't it—unless we know what we are speaking about along with breath?

P. Yes, sir.

T. And yet the breath itself is always the same?

P. Yes, sir.

The Socratic Method brings into prominence a distinction of some importance in teaching: that between "telling" and "eliciting." With Socrates it was a fundamental principle that the teacher should never "tell" anything. Everything should be elicited. For Socrates there was some excuse. He had the theory that all our knowledge was only a remembering of things that we had known in some former existence. Accordingly we find him calling the by-standers to witness that he is not telling the pupil anything, but only eliciting knowledge that is already there, though the pupil is not conscious of it till the master draws it out.

Young teachers frequently fall into the error of supposing that everything can be elicited, and that the true teacher should never tell anything, but nothing short of Socrates' theory of Reminiscence can justify this view. The blunder arises from confounding the process of knowledge, with the material upon which the mind acts. Given certain facts as existing in the mind of the pupil, the teacher who knows how the mind works can elicit certain relations among these facts. But he cannot elicit a fact that is not there.

Given a knowledge on the part of the child of the meaning of washing, we can elicit from that child that a man who goes to his room with a dirty face and comes out with a clean one, has washed himself. But no amount of Socratic skill could elicit from a child who knew nothing about washing, how a dirty face became clean. There is nothing wrong in explaining an unknown word, but one of the most important things for a teacher to learn is which things can be elicited and which things must be told.

The Socratic Method is of special interest to the Sunday School teacher. The

large classes and the numerous subjects of the day-school render it impossible for the teacher there to make more than occasional use of the method. On the other hand, the Sunday School teacher on his chair in the front of his row or hollow square of boys, is admirably placed to carry out the spirit if not the letter of the old market-place teaching. No apparatus is required and no special quickness on the part of the pupils. The subjects dealt with moreover are specially adapted for Socratic treatment either in whole or in part.



THE GIFT OF HEALING.

THERE are published from time to time the circumstances of remarkable cases of healing under the hands of the Elders. These testimonies tend to strengthen our faith in the everlasting Gospel and in the promise of the Savior that certain signs should follow those that believe. But the gift of healing is not confined to the Elders of the Church. Many are the sisters who have enjoyed this gift and many are the mothers who have seen their loved ones made whole through their anointing with oil and prayer of faith when no other help was nigh. I have been requested, by some of those who are acquainted with the circumstances, to relate the following incident which occurred about a year ago:

A poor old "squaw" came to my home. She was weeping over the fact as she stated that her little grandson lay sick and suffering with rheumatism; that he had not been able to walk a step for five months. She wanted some medicine for

him. I took a bottle of consecrated oil in my hand and walked with her to her camp, some four or five blocks from my home. Upon our arrival we found the little boy lying out doors by a camp fire. It was a pleasant day in early December. Four Indians were lying upon blankets inside the tent near by. The child's body was thin and wasted almost to a skeleton, except at the knee joints which were almost as large as a small bowl. His elbows were also very large in proportion to the thin, wasted arms. In addition to this the poor little form was covered with sores. My soul sank within me at the sight of his sufferings. I gazed for a moment or so upon the emaciated limbs and swollen joints when suddenly I felt the Spirit of God resting mightily upon me. I requested "Grandma," for this is what we called her, to bring me some warm water with which I bathed the child, who was about eight years of age at the time. I then anointed him freely with

the holy oil in the name of Jesus Christ and laid my hands upon his head and blest him, and many great promises were made unto him at that time, one of which was that "he should run as the roe upon the mountains." I left the camp and for two or three hours I was filled with joy and rejoicing and praising God, for I felt that my prayer was recorded in heaven. The next day "Grandma" came to my house, her face all beaming with smiles,

saying that the boy was "wyno, wyno," and rubbing her knees to show that his knees were "wyno" as well. In a day or two he was able to come himself, and is now a faithful attendant at the Sunday School at Grass Valley where he resides. They wanted me to accept some money as a token of their gratitude but I refused saying that it was not I but God who did the healing.

Annie G. Lauritzen.



THE FIRST BEET SUGAR MADE IN THE UNITED STATES.

SALT LAKE CITY,
24th July, 1904.

ANOTHER twenty-fourth of July is here; the anniversary of the entrance of the Pioneers into the Salt Lake Valley. I am reminded that the Mormons are indeed a pioneer people. Fifty-seven years ago to-day President Brigham Young and his band of devoted followers entered this valley, and within the seven days following they plowed some ground near where the Seventh ward meeting house now stands, planted some seeds, and irrigated this small garden. They have continued to plant and irrigate the soil until these Utah deserts have "blossomed as the rose." Thus they established themselves as the pioneer irrigators of the great West. They did not, however like Cortez, or Pizarro, burn their ships, but like true philosophers they preserved their "prairie schooners"* and wagons of smaller make and con-

tinued to send them back and forth over the plains to bring others to the chosen place of gathering, as long as they could be used for this purpose, or until new and more substantial conveyances could be secured in their stead.

The hum of industry came with the Mormons into Salt Lake Valley, and the Bee Hive became the fitting emblem of their busy lives.

In the year 1850 the printing press was established in Utah's capital, and the *Deseret News*, a weekly paper, was published with Dr. Willard Richards as editor.

Nail making and cloth weaving were established in the early sixties in the old Sugar House, as it has always been called, situated at the corner of Twelfth South and Eleventh East Streets, now a Bamberger coal depot.

How this building came to be called a "Sugar House," I will tell you.

In the year 1850 Elder John Taylor was sent to France, amongst other things to study beet sugar manufacturing, and was also entrusted to select such machin-

* The large wagons that freighters used were called Prairie Schooners, or Ships of the Plains, as camels are known as Ships of the Desert.

ery as he deemed proper for the manufacture of beet sugar in Utah. A large sum of money was invested in this machinery and in its transportation here. But after it reached Salt Lake it was found to be unfitted for the purpose for which it was purchased. However, this machinery was deposited in the building referred to above, hence the name—Sugar House.

In 1851 President Joseph Young entered into a co-partnership with several others for the raising of sugar beets, and the manufacturing of beet sugar and molasses. He rented or purchased an acre and a quarter city lot, on which Mayor John Clark afterwards lived for many years, now owned by the Oregon Short Line Co.

Upon this lot was planted sugar beet seed brought from France, from which several hundred bushels of beets were produced. President Joseph Young now secured the services of Brother William Freely, a very able mechanic, and also Brother Burr Frost, a blacksmith, in whose shop, on the corner of Third South and Second East Streets, the first beet sugar factory was established. Freely, the mechanic, constructed the cylinder for grinding the beets, and a power press worked by long levers for pressing the juice from the beet pulp, he also built a boiler or evaporating trough which was set over a furnace on the outside the building.

Motive power for grinding the beets was furnished by one large horse attached to the horse power sweep, also on the outside. By this motive power the beets were ground into fine pulp and made ready for the press. Then we, that is President Joseph Young, Brothers Freely and Frost, principals, assisted by three boys, namely, George Parker, (an orphan boy kept by Brother Freely), Edwin Frost, son of the blacksmith, and the writer of this article, began the manufacture of beet sugar and beet molasses.

I remember early in the autumn of 1852, we began hauling our sugar beets from the lot above mentioned to the factory; and how we, the boys, cleaned the beets by scraping, and when they were thus prepared we conveyed them in baskets to the cylinder, which was set in motion by the horse power outside, and that the beets were ground into a very fine pulp. This pulp was then shoveled into strong linen bags and placed on the floor of the press. Square boards were placed above and below each sack to make the pressure equal. The windlass was turned by means of strong hand levers, and the pressure of the beet pulp began.

When all the juice was thus extracted other bags of ground beet pulp took their places, and so the process of grinding and pressing was continued till enough juice was produced to fill the boiler, when the process of boiling and evaporating went on.

At certain stages of the boiling a small amount would be extracted and set apart in open pans or basins to cool, and to try if the proper stage for sugaring or granulating had been reached. On one occasion several hundred gallons of good beet molasses had been turned out from the factory, and in one of these cooling pans was found a deposit of about five pounds of good beet sugar, which was exceedingly palatable.

Thus was established in 1852, in Salt Lake City, Utah, by the labors of those who worked in the factory, the fact that beets raised in America, as well as in France, would produce sugar, and to the best of my knowledge this was the first beet sugar manufactured in the United States.

Seymour B. Young.



Every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

ALLON, THE STOWAWAY.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 492.)

CHAPTER IX.

IT was upon a lovely evening in the latter part of May, 1873, that a small party of sailors left the shores of Huckleberry Island, a pleasure resort of Lake Superior, to join their ship which lay moored to a wharf in Houghton, some three miles distant.

The island upon which they had been holding "high jinks" during that day was about two miles in circumference; it abounded in a luxuriant growth of everything that was calculated to lend to it a charming and Eden-like effect, and was much frequented by picnickers, mostly young people from Houghton and from Hancock; the latter a small near-by port on the opposite shore.

The party in question was made up of five persons, all members of and comprising the crew of the *Copperhead*, a two-master that had its trade mainly between Houghton and Milwaukee, and sometimes reaching out to Chicago.

Four of the party were able-bodied seamen, while the remaining one had during a period of almost eighteen months of ship life on the lakes, sufficiently qualified himself to pass as an "ordinary"* on any deep-water vessel afloat.

The *Copperhead* was to set sail later on that same evening; and as one of the crew, namely the "ordinary," had signified his intention of making this his last trip preparatory to returning to his own native land, his shipmates, craving for a jollification, had seized this, the only opportunity afforded them, to spend the day upon

the island, have a good time, or, as one of them put it, to give the "ordinary" a good send-off.

After the enormous supply of edibles, together with the contents of the inevitable keg, which they had taken along with them, had been disposed of, they re-entered their boat, left the island, and struck out for the main land.

It was with keen anxiety that the "ordinary" (the only sober one of the party) watched the boisterous and careless conduct of his drunken mates as they lolled and tumbled around in the frail little craft, and realizing the danger that might accrue from such foolhardiness, he took the sash-scarf that was about his waist and securely fastened one of the oars to the boat for preservation's sake.

Rowing by turns, it soon fell to the lot of the "ordinary" and one Mike Kellan to ply the oars, while the remaining three becoming tired of their horse-play, engaged in a game of cards.

"See here, Mike," at length spoke the "ordinary" in a subdued tone to his fellow oarsman, who was not quite so far gone as the others, "if she happens to side-step and her leeward goes under, let us instantly throw ourselves to windward and, if possible, bring her over, as I am convinced that will be the only way we can keep her up to daylight. She is already weighted to the gunwale, and we cannot let her ship in much water before down she will go to the bottom of the lake. We must keep her from going under; and another thing, Mike, although I have a liking for lockers, I am hardly prepared as yet to go in quest of 'Davy Jones's locker.'"

"I have my weather eye open," replied Mike; "but anyway," added he after a pause, "we are not such fools but that we can take care of ourselves."

* Ordinary seaman — one not entirely proficient—between a landsman and an able bodied seaman.

The little boat responded nobly to the vigorous strokes of the oarsmen, and as long as the card party quietly retained their seats everything went fairly well without fear of mishap. Soon a large paddle-steamer hove in sight and bore down towards them, and had it not been that the card party commenced to kick up in all kinds of rough-and-tumble antics in answer to being hailed by certain ones on the steamer, all would have gone well.

"Sit down, you fellows, until she has passed," shouted Mike as he saw the churned and troubled waters that were thrown up from the huge paddles of the steamer surging toward the little boat; but his words were not heeded.

While one of them, in a spirit of bravado, was actually attempting a hornpipe, a large swell unsteadied the little craft, throwing the men to leeward; and as it is said, "drowning men will catch at a straw," so these revelers, to save themselves from being thrown into the water, clutched at the upper side of the boat, the effect bringing her completely over keel upward. Two out of the four oars went adrift, while the remaining ones a few minutes later were doing good service in working the now sober party toward the shore.

Goodnatured as well as hardy were those fellows, for as they sat astride the keel of the boat they continued to indulge in song and laughter. But a short time longer and they all reached the shore in safety.

While four of them went to a saloon, the "ordinary" made his way to the home of a Mr. Stapleford, with whom he was wont to stay while in Houghton, and as the *Copperhead* was to sail at ten o'clock that same night, he hastened his preparations for going aboard.

"I am sorry you are going to leave us, and this time never to return," said Mr.

Stapleford, as the "ordinary" was busy making up his outfit.

"I will not say that I will never return," replied the one addressed; "and I assure you if it was not for a promise I made while back in my own country, it is questionable whether I would leave this locality at all: I like these parts, and I love the United States better than my own country. But I must go back; yes, Mr. Stapleford, I must return to my native land."

"After leaving the *Copperhead* at Milwaukee, I guess you will take train for New York, eh?" ventured the questioner.

"Our ship will make this trip right through to Chicago; and I shall lose no time on the homeward journey," answered the 'ordinary.'

"It will cost you quite a trifle," said Mr. Stapleford.

"I have one hundred and thirty dollars to spare for that purpose, if necessary," was the answer.

"I guess you will not stay long in the old country before you will wish to return," Mr. Stapleford remarked.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the "ordinary," changing the subject, "but where is your daughter, that I may say good-by to her?"

"Absent just now, but may return at any moment," answered the girl's father.

Shortly afterward, realizing that it was the family's bedtime, the "ordinary" shook hands and bade his host good-by, after which he went to the rear of the house, where Miss Stapleford was now busy, to bid her a similar farewell. But for reasons unknown to him, the young lady kept out of his sight.

He knew she must be hiding from him, and much as he revolved the matter over in his mind, he was too dull of comprehension just then to understand the cause. After a vain wait of a minute or so, he left the house and strode away in

the direction of the wharf where lay the *Copperhead*. He had not proceeded far, when he changed tack, and bent his steps again in the direction of the Stapleford home.

Accustomed to entering the house by the rear, he this time approached the front and savagely pulling at the door bell, caused that seldom used piece of metal to give out an alarmingly loud ring.

But a few moments, and the door was opened by Miss Stapleford, and before she had recovered from her surprise the young fellow had shouldered his way in, and was heartily shaking her right hand.

"Miss Stapleford," said he, "I cannot think of leaving without first thanking you for your many kind acts toward me, and especially for the excellent pies you have so often made for me."

Almost before she could realize what she was saying or doing, she had closed the door, seated herself, and was already asking him his reasons for returning to the house.

"Just as I have told you," answered he; "to thank you; and as I do not wish to lose your good will towards me, to also apologize if occasion calls for it."

"Allon, I have nothing whatever against you," answered the girl.

"Miss Eva, if there is anything of an unpleasant nature, and it is in my power to remove it, I will gladly do so," said Allon.

"Then tell me why you are going away?" interrogated she.

"I promised my folks in the old country that I would return at about this time," answered Allon.

"Your folks?" remarked Eva in a drawling and rather questioning kind of way. "If it is true what you told papa in my hearing, that your parents died while you were young, and that what few relations you have are almost a nonentity,

who then are the folks that you refer to? Or is it a girl you have out there?"

"Yes, Miss Eva, it is a girl friend of mine out there."

"So you really think the foreign girls are preferable to the Americans, do you?" she asked

"Miss Eva," spoke the "ordinary," with an earnestness accompanying his words that could not be mistaken for other than truth, "I know that the American girl is the peeress of the whole world, and I include you."

"Allon, I thank you for the compliment, but—" here the girl momentarily permitted her gaze to fall in the direction of the floor, while with her fingers she beat a gentle tattoo upon the table near which she sat, "if you think so much of the American girl, why do you wish to leave her?"

A new light dawned upon his mind; he now understood why she was averse to his going away; unwittingly he had become her ideal, and the knowledge troubled him.

For some eighteen months, or whenever his ship visited Houghton, he had boarded at the Stapleford home, and much as he respected Eva, his thoughts never once ran in the same line as her own. For the moment he was nonplussed, but suddenly rising from his seat and reaching for the door, he said:

"Miss Stapleford, as it is now getting late, I really must go and get aboard ship without delay, and I promise you that should I change my mind about going to England, I will return to Houghton. Again I thank you for all your kindness, and for the present will say goodby."

A quarter of an hour or so and he was aboard ship, which shortly afterward spread forth her canvass to the wind and sailed for Chicago. A jolly little crew was that of the *Copperhead*, and many were the sea yarns and love stories that

they in turn related during their south-bound trip.

Allon was very careful not to divulge anything concerning the Stapleford incident, as to him it had altogether too serious a meaning to bandy round among shipmates, especially as he knew that two of the crew were Houghton boys.

With the exception of a brief touch at Bay City, where he found time to go ashore and take an affectionate farewell of his brother, who just then resided there, and whom he had not seen for some eighteen months, at which time the brother had urged him for his health's sake to leave the woods and do a little cruising around on the lakes, nothing of moment occurred during the passage through to Chicago.

Upon the ship's arrival there, Allon drew what wages were due him, and after saying good-by to his mates, at once took train for the east. A few days later he was in New York, where he procured a ticket for passage on the *Oceania*, a steamer bound for Liverpool. The *Oceania* was the same vessel upon which he had failed some two years previously in his attempt at stowing away.

Nine days later, and upon a Saturday morning, he found himself once more in Brown's Museum, to which place he had been drawn instinctively as it were to look again upon that colossal and realistic picture of "The Crucifixion," a view of which has the tendency of endowing any intelligent and emotional beholder with some of the lofty and inspirational spirit of the master mind which produced it on canvas.

Upon leaving the museum he took his way to the depot, and but a little while longer was speeding along the Midland Railway toward Ripley, a town situated two miles or so from Silver Dale, his destination.

Upon his arrival at Ripley he was im-

mediately recognized and greeted by the Rev. W. Austin, who happened to be there in expectation of meeting his wife, who had been visiting friends in Derby, ten miles distant. As his good wife had not come as expected, he invited Allon to occupy the carriage with him on the return journey to Silver Dale, as he wished, he said, to have a talk with him.

"And you may rest at the vicarage until Monday, if you wish," further said the pastor. Allon consented.

As it took the clergyman's whole attention to manage the spirited horse he was driving, little opportunity was had for conversation along the way. It was almost dark when they reached Silver Dale, and after returning the horse and carriage to the man from whom he had hired it, the pastor led the way to the house.

Once there, the reverend gentleman ordered the hired girl to prepare a light supper for Allon, and it was soon after the repast had been disposed of that the minister entered upon a long talk with his guest. Allon was informed of everything in relation to Nelly's unfortunate marriage, of her hasty withdrawal from spiritual ministrations, of how gladly she had recently returned to her former standing as a communicant in the church, and of her oft-avowed sorrow for slighting him to take up with the man Franks.

"That settles it with me, sir," interrupted Allon, striving his best to keep down a choking something that seemed to have suddenly found lodgment in his throat; "I never thought Nelly would serve me like that. Under the circumstances I cannot remain here, but shall leave Silver Dale tomorrow morning. I thought everything of Nelly, and I—" here the sentence he was about to utter was cut short by the flow of tears that nature brought to his relief.

"Affairs are not quite so bad as that," spoke the clergyman in a hopeful voice.

"Nelly still entertains a high regard for you, and I know that is a—"

"End of it," put in Allon.

The pastor now took the young fellow to task for his over-sensitiveness in the matter, told him of how certain influences had been brought to bear upon the girl's mind, hastening a marriage a little against her will, and of how she regretted having placed herself upon the altar for a scoundrel like Franks.

"Surely you do not intend to go away without first seeing her," further remarked the minister.

"I really would like to see her, and no mistake about it," answered Allon.

"You must not think so bad of those who respect you," said Mr. Austin.

"Nelly could not have had much respect for me, or she would not have married the first fellow that came her way," replied Allon.

"Could you see her as her mother often sees her, consulting the calendar as to the days and months since she last saw you," said the pastor; "or," continued he, "could you see the occasional tear that blurs her vision when listening to the weird sounds that emanate from the little sea shell you gave her some time ago, you would speak more respectfully of Nelly."

"Can you please tell me how I can see her without going to her home?" asked Allon, exhibiting a spirit of interest in the question.

"She will undoubtedly attend divine service in the church tomorrow evening," said the pastor; "and by filling your old place in the choir gallery, you will be able to gratify your wish."

"Is Nelly a choir member now?" asked the one of many adventures.

"Changes have taken place since last you were here, and we have now a surpliced choir, which simply means that women are excluded therefrom," answered the dispenser of the Word.

"Come to think of it, I don't see what benefit it will be either to me or anybody else to see her, anyway," remarked the anxious one.

"Hush, hush, Allon. I do not like to hear you talk in that strain. As your friend, I want your confidence; answer me—do you still love Nelly?"

"Yes, sir; and I cannot do other than love her all the time," he confessed somewhat bashfully; "but," added he, "it's all in vain."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," quoted the wearer of the cassock. "Listen to me," continued he, drawing his chair a little closer to Allon as though he feared the young man might not get the full gist of the counsel he was about to impart without a little impressiveness being given the utterance.

"With the exception of your attendance at church tomorrow evening, keep yourself close in the vicarage until Monday morning; at which time your wisest plan will be to leave these parts and remain away for six months or so, and then return and see me."

For a few moments Allon looked askant, but at length demanded some little explanation of the reverend gentleman's request.

"I repeat; I am your friend," replied that worthy, "but you must strictly do your part, and leave the rest to me. Nelly's father is now favorably disposed toward you, and for your sake, Allon, I have not yet acquainted him or his wife nor Nelly, with this, but shall soon do so, since you have turned up again."

Here the clergyman took from his desk a letter that had been sent him a short time previous, and which was nothing less than an official report of the death of William G. Franks, late of Silver Dale, Derbyshire.

Information showed that Franks, after deserting Nelly, had enlisted in the Fifty-first Infantry, and with his regiment had

been drafted into the British Indian service, where he shortly afterward met his death, the result of a very slight accident incurred while bathing with some of his comrades in a river in the Madras Residency.

After learning the contents of the letter, Allon expressed himself as willing to abide counsel, and to leave his fate in Mr. Austin's hands until the time specified by that gentleman was fulfilled.

"And without knowing it, Nelly has been a widow for a few weeks," remarked Allon.

"Yes," answered the pastor, "and I wish you to remember her in love. Do as I bid you, and everything will come out right."

Allon occupied a couch in the library that night, but little sleep did he obtain for thinking of the strange course of events that had happened during the last two years. The next evening, in accordance with Mr. Austin's instruction, he attended church service, and there had the pleasure of seeing his loved one, who along with her mother occupied a seat opposite the choir gallery.

Despite the unfortunate and troubled experience through which she had recently passed, to him she looked nicer than ever. He would have liked to have talked with her; but the pastor's orders were strict, and Allon deemed it best to let that gentleman have his own way in the matter. He did manage, however, at the close of the service, and while Nelly was poring over a music book, to have a brief conversation with Mrs. Hemsley, who kindly invited him to her home. Allon excused himself on the ground that he was going back to Liverpool early the next morning, and with that end in view could hardly spare the time to accept the invitation.

"Under present circumstances, perhaps it's as well," replied the matron, who was

as yet ignorant of her daughter's widowhood.

It is sufficient to state that Allon strictly carried out the instructions given him; and it was soon after his departure for Liverpool that Mr. Austin acquainted the Hemsleys with the contents of the letter relating to Franks' untimely end.

Some few months afterward he commenced to pave the way for the wanderer's return, and so well did he succeed that when, after an absence of eight months, Allon returned to Silver Dale, it was only a question of a little forgiveness and mutual understanding of each other before Allon and Nelly were united in marriage, the Rev. W. Austin officiating at the altar.

"Nelly, are you happy now?" asked Allon of his loved one when some twenty minutes or so after leaving the altar they reached her parents' home, where they expected to reside for a short time.

"Yes, Allon," answered she, turning her hazel-hued eyes toward him, while her whole countenance reflected a look that seemed to say she had not as yet fully forgiven him for leaving her two years previously; "and had you have remained here instead of wandering off to America, I should have been happy all the time."

"We are never too old to learn," quoted Allon; "and there is a good deal of truth in the old familiar song, 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

"Oh, Allon, please don't do that; I would not have that broken for all the world," cried Nelly, as she wrested from her husband's hands the little sea shell which he happened just then to be handling in a rough and careless way, and which, after obtaining possession of, she replaced on the mantel-piece, there to remain while there was, as she said, "anything left of it."

A brief pause followed, after which Allon, with a tear glistening in his eyelash-

es, said, "Nelly, I love you now dearer than ever."

The joyous look that diffused itself over

her face was an all-sufficient answer to her husband's declaration of love.

John Powell.

(THE END.)



A WARNING OF THE SPIRIT.

ABOUT two years ago I was traveling in the southern part of Utah in the interest of the Religion Classes of the Church. I had visited a number of wards and had organized classes. I had sent letters to several Bishops, telling them that I would visit their wards on specified dates, and would, with their kind permission, hold meetings at which I would explain the origin of and work done in the Religion Classes.

I was very anxious to reach a certain town on a certain day, for I expected there to receive a letter from my family. I arrived in the town about three o'clock in the afternoon, and on going to the post office was handed the looked-for letter. It was from my wife and contained the glad news that she and all the children were enjoying good health. But instead of feeling happy on receipt of the letter, a feeling of dread took possession of me. I felt that something was wrong at home, and that it was my duty to return as soon as possible.

I went at once to the house of a friend and wrote letters to all the Bishops with whom I had made appointments, telling them that I had to return to Salt Lake, and that the appointments would have to be cancelled. I could not get a train, or I would have started for home the same hour; but I set out at an early hour the next morning and reached home in the

evening of the same day. I found my wife very ill in bed, the doctor and other attendants by her side. I had received no notification whatever of her sickness until I reached home, but I then knew why I had been impressed to cancel my appointments and return to the city. My wife had been taken sick soon after she had mailed her letter to me.

W. A. M.

TRIOS.

Three things to love: Courage, gentleness, affection.

Three things to hate: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in: Beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to like: Cordiality, good-humor, and cheerfulness.

Three things to avoid: Idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.

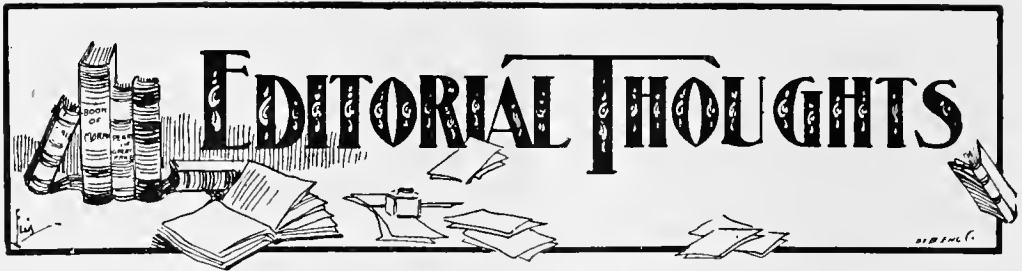
Three things to cultivate: Good books, good friends, and good manners.

Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct.

FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Mrs. De F.—"My dear, I have picked out a husband for you."

Miss De F.—"Very well; but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress, I am going to select the material myself; so there."



SALT LAKE CITY, - SEPTEMBER 1, 1904.

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WHY WE CAME TO UTAH.



F late years there has grown up an idea in the minds of many that the Saints came to Utah as home seekers in contradistinction to those who went to California, British Columbia, Australia and other places as gold seekers. The circumstances under which we came west have no parallel in the settlement of any other part of our country, unless it be that of the Pilgrim Fathers, and their conditions were very different from ours. Our exodus from Illinois was one

which, when rightly understood, should promote faith in the lives of our young people. No exodus in the religious history of the world has been accomplished by so supreme a reliance upon the guidance of the Almighty. There are but two that can be compared with it; that of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the migration of Moses and the children of Israel from Egypt.

When the Saints were driven from Ohio, they settled in Missouri, the very borderland of civilization in those days. When persecution became so strong that the Saints could no longer remain there, they sought an asylum wherever religious tolerance would permit them to enjoy peace. Illinois at that time invited them to a temporary resting place. The spirit of persecution grew stronger in Illinois as years went on and the beautiful city of Nauvoo had been built. Finally mob rule and an ever increasing hostility compelled them, after the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, to abandon their homes.

The wilderness and the great American desert lay before them. There was no hope of rest or peace east of the Mississippi river. West of the river a trackless and uninhabited region lay before them. In those awful days the Saints faced cold, hunger, and death with the fullest resignation. They had no objective point in view. New homes in a desirable country were not their strongest desire. It was peace, a religious haven of rest, they sought. They were willing to live almost anywhere and under any circumstances if they could only have peace,

if they could only worship God freely according to the dictates of their conscience. They plunged into the wilderness, surrendering themselves to God's mercy. He would take them somewhere, they knew not where. They had some vague idea about the country they were going to and speculated about a future resting place, but it was all speculation beyond the faith they had in God's mercy and guidance. The thought of home building was really a secondary consideration. They would build homes, of course, when they reached a resting place, far from persecution. They were not in search of a good country. They surrendered themselves completely to their faith in an overruling Providence, and that surrender was the most perfect in the history of God's dealings with man.

The country they had left was quite satisfactory; it had become greatly endeared to them. They were not actuated by a spirit of restlessness or dissatisfaction. Their highest ideals were not founded in wealth and luxurious ease. Work was a part of their religion and work would create the necessary means of subsistence wherever they went. When they parted from homes that devotion and faith had made dear to them, they fervently believed the Lord would lead them to some promised land, one that would be to them a place of refuge. They came to Utah because they had consecrated their lives to the worship of God and were willing to go where He led the way.

The Israelites returned to the land of their fathers. It was known to them. It was a choice land and they knew that in it their worldly conditions would be improved. What, on the other hand, were the prospects of the wilderness and the

desert in comparison with the beautiful city the Latter-day Saints had left behind them? The Pilgrim Fathers were in a land of peace and religious tolerance; but they wanted to be secluded, to establish a theocratic government of their own, and shut themselves out from an unsympathetic world. The Latter-day Saints, on the other hand, were careful from the beginning to maintain two separate governments, one of the Church and the other a civil government that would respond to the needs of all, to themselves, to Jew, or to Gentile alike.

Men speak contemptuously of amalgamation of Church and state in Utah. The wonder is not that sometimes there was a coloring to the accusation, but that it was not complete. The Saints have done marvelously well in maintaining a distinction under the circumstances. To them a theocratic government, all their own, was not a supreme object as it was with both the Israelites and the Pilgrim Fathers. They expected to enjoy their civil rights just as they hoped to enjoy the homes they have built, but neither was the predominating influence that brought the Saints to the valleys of the mountains. To them this state was above all else a land of religious refuge.

Joseph F. Smith.



TO RELIGION CLASS WORKERS.

"The "Outlines" of Religion class work for the ensuing year are ready for distribution. A small charge of five cents a copy has been made for this issue. Stake and ward superintendents will please send in their orders to the general secretary, L. John Nuttall, as soon as possible, in order that the "Outlines" may be in the hands of the teachers at an early date.

A SHORT STORY OF MEXICO.

III.



HERE are but few readers of the INSTRUCTOR who have not heard of the Aztecs, or Mexicans. It is believed that the birth place of this race was in the south, but how long they lived there is not known. They decided, however, at one time to leave the south and start in search of a new country. They traveled northward, and finally settled in a place which they named Aztlan, or the "country of herons." Where the land of Aztlan was no one has ever found out. Various writers have located it in different places, all the way from the Gulf of California to the Gulf of Mexico.

Among the Aztecs who dwelt in Aztlan was a chief of great authority, named Huitziton. To this man the people looked for counsel in all things spiritual and temporal. He was like certain people of our own time—very fertile in imagination. One day while Huitziton was sitting beneath a tree he imagined he heard a little bird speak to him in the Aztec tongues saying, "Let us go! let us go!" The chief looked upon this as a message from the gods, advising him and his companions to change their abode.

Huitziton had but to command, and that command was promptly obeyed. He ordered a migration right away: so packing up all that they had the seven tribes started for the south, the land of their first inheritance. It is thought that they crossed the river Colorado, near the head of the gulf of California, after which they traveled in a southeasterly direction. They made several halts during the journey, and it is believed by some that the large stone houses called Casas Grandes, the ruins of which are to be seen in Mexico today, were built by the Aztecs.

They finally reached Chicomoztoc, or the place of Seven Caves, where the tribes separated, six of them going off on their own account; they, however, joined their companions later in the valley of Mexico. About this time the Aztecs decided to make for themselves a large god. Huitziton had gone to the happy hunting ground, and four men were chosen by the Aztecs to be their high priests and leaders. These men, soon after their elevation to the priestly office, announced to the people that they had received a message from Huitziton, who, they said was an immortal god, in which he commanded them to make a god for the people to worship.

So the god was made, and was christened Huitzilopochtli, in honor of their dead leader, Huitziton. Some writers think that the idol was made of stone, while others are inclined to the belief that it was a wooden image. The god was borne on the shoulders of the four leaders and became the greatest of all the gods of the Aztecs. It was to this senseless image that millions of human beings were afterwards sacrificed.

No sooner had the god got perched on the shoulders of the god-bearers than he began to give revelations, at least so the leaders reported. They told their deluded followers that they had received a revelation from Huitzilopochtli, in which he informed them that he was well pleased with them and that he had a glorious place reserved for them in his kingdom, provided they always obeyed the priests, who brought to them his messages. They said it was the desire of the god that they abandon the name of Aztec and adopt that of Mexican. They were each presented with a net and bunch of arrows as insignia and were instructed to wear



ANCIENT AMERICAN IDOL.

upon their foreheads and ears a patch of gum and feathers as marks of distinction.

Soon after this an event took place which caused a great division in the Mexican camp. On going out one morning, certain of the Mexicans discovered two bundles lying on the ground. In one of the bundles was found a precious stone, while the other contained two sticks. The sticks were looked upon as the greater treasure, because, (so the legend informs us) fire could be extracted from them. These bundles caused considerable jealousy to spring up in the hearts of the Mexicans and were the means of dividing the camp into two parties which remained separate for many years. They each, however, continued to worship the same senseless image.

The Mexicans finally reached the city of Tula, the once flourishing capital of the Toltecs. They were received kindly by the inhabitants, and were granted much liberty. They remained in Tula nine years, and each succeeding year saw them grow in number and power. They gradually pushed on down further into the valley, and at last came to the city of Dumpango. Here they received the most courteous treatment from the lord of the place, who extended to them a royal reception and consented to the union of one of the Mexican virgins with his son Ilhuicatl. From this union descended a number of famous kings who ruled Mexico for over a hundred years.

For many years the Mexicans roamed at will over the country. They sometimes met with resistance from petty tribes and at last were compelled to fight a bloody battle at Chalpultepec, a rocky hill on the western shore of Lake Tezco-co. It was at this same hill that six hundred years later, a memorable battle was fought between the troops of the republic of Mexico and the United States. For seventeen years the Mexicans remained at

Chalpultepec, and at the end of that time were driven to the southern borders of Lake Tezco-co, where for fifty years they spent a miserable existence, living on fish and insects.

In the early part of the next century (1300) we find the Mexicans in bondage to the Colhuas, one of the tribes that had broken off at the Place of the Seven Caves, but notwithstanding they were slaves, they were possessed of a brave and warlike spirit, and a few years later they had opportunity to show their mettle. In the year 1320 a war broke out between the Colhuas and another tribe named Nochimilcas. The former called the Mexicans to their assistance but provided them with no sinews of war. Arming themselves with long poles, the sharpened ends of which they had hardened in the fire, knives of volcanic glass and shields made of reeds woven together, the Mexicans rushed upon the enemy and completely routed them. They deemed it a waste of time to take and hold prisoners, so every one of the enemy they caught, they cut off one of his ears which they kept as a trophy of the war.

When the battle was ended the Colhuas paraded their prisoners and then called on the Mexicans to bring forward their captives. The latter replied that they had none, and on hearing that, the Colhuas burst out in a mocking laugh. But "they laugh best who laugh last." You can imagine the surprise of the Colhuas when the Mexicans brought forward their baskets of rushes filled with human ears and when they informed the Colhuas that each ear represented a prisoner, the latter were silenced and put to fear. They immediately granted the Mexicans their freedom and ordered them to leave the country, but the Mexicans were not in a hurry to leave. They decided to tarry and to offer a thanksgiving offering to their god for the success that had attended

them in the late war. They sent a messenger to the king of the Colhuas requesting them to send them a sacrificial offer, and the messenger brought back a filthy bird. The Mexicans suppressed their indignation and placed as a substitute upon the altar a knife and a fragrant herb. They then called for the king of the Colhuas and all his nobility to come and witness the ceremony. And when they had all assembled, the Mexicans instead of offering a sacrifice of herbs, dragged forth

four Xochimilcan prisoners and throwing them on the altar, cut out their hearts and offered them to their god, Huitzilopochtli. This event filled the Colhuas with such horror that they lost no time in getting the Mexicans out of their country.

This was the first human sacrifice among the Mexicans of which there is any record. It was the beginning of that terrible slaughter of men of which I shall make mention later.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HOW TO KEEP AN HISTORICAL RECORD.



HE delightful Portia in the "Merchant of Venice," says, "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

The profound truth of this statement has lent partial consolation to the author in the preparation of this paper; since he is asked only to point out the best method of keeping an historical record; but even from this liberal point of view the task is hardly less an ardent one.

Too much cannot be said respecting the importance of keeping a correct historical record. As the Latter-day Saints are among the greatest record-making people so also are they fast becoming the greatest record taking people. But in the past we have been much too content with a sort of haphazard method of recording our official acts; and we have apparently not fully sensed the all-important fact that that which remains of man after his

"passing" is the record of his acts, recorded as they are both by the reflections of the same upon the lives of his contemporaries and successors and upon the pages of the historian. Were records for the sole purpose of refreshing the mind of the performer or his co-workers after a fortnight or so, so much importance would not attach to the duty of the historian; but not so; for "Out of the books shall ye be judged," carries with it a significance not all together confined to earth. The importance then of record taking adds a significance to the office of secretary, appreciable only after he fully senses the nature and spirit of his calling.

It is a well known fact that often times the laws of our land though framed with the greatest care and by the best talent procurable are capable of several different constructions, depending upon the mental attitude of the interpreter and the point to be attained. Appreciating the fact

that much less care is often exercised by our ward and stake secretaries in the taking and recording of the official acts of their co-laborers, it would appear that one of the prerequisites of a historian must be accuracy in matter of fact. How can this be brought about?

Much depends upon the ability of the secretary to indicate by written symbol precisely what took place at a given time under definite conditions. It would not be presumptuous to suppose that if each one present were to write an account of an afternoon's proceedings, the difference between the several writings would be very appreciable. Take, for instance, a Sunday School convention. While all the accounts would in general convey the idea that such a gathering had been held and that various papers had been read, followed by certain discussions, etc., yet some would lay particular stress upon certain ideas advanced which would be regarded by others as of minor importance.

But the question arises, Is this not perfectly natural? Each one present would make particular note of those things which most appeal to him, which condition is in turn dependent upon his experience as secretary, or what not, whether ward or stake. The answer must obviously be, Yes. Such is natural; but from the standpoint of nature alone justifiable. While we cannot hope to bring about absolute similarity in record taking, we can hope to so train ourselves as to be able to make choice of the most vital points of a discourse; for example, we can hope to omit such things as motions made and lost for want of a second, we can hope to take note of those things which assume definite form in the different business meetings of our organizations. In short, it is the duty of every secretary to make his minutes as brief as possible and yet contain the vital points

discussed. The selection of a suitable person for this work is of vast importance and should be looked after sharply by the stake secretary, who of course will work in strict harmony with the ward superintendency and Bishopric. If, then, the above may be summarized, the first points aimed at are, brevity, accuracy, and conciseness. These should be so rigidly looked after as to assume, in all kindness, a condition which gives to efficiency its value—"the survival of the fittest."

As we have partially, at least, disposed of the question as to how records should be made we are confronted with the equally important question as to what they should contain.

No definite rigid form can be given that will apply to all kinds of minutes; but we may be safe by advancing this much:

1. They must contain the element of time.
 2. They must convey the idea of place.
 3. They must indicate the "how," or method of procedure.
 4. They must possess the "what" idea.
- Just how much of the what idea shall be inserted in any set of minutes must be determined largely by the nature of the meeting and finally by the good judgment of the discreet secretary.

Taking it for granted that the meeting with which the ward secretary has the most to do is that of the general Sunday School session, the author takes the liberty to present a set of minutes taken from a typical Sunday School in his stake:

"The South Morgan ward Sunday School convened in regular session at the stake house, Sunday, March 6, 1904, at 10 a.m., with Superintendent Robert H. Welch presiding, and First Assistant Superintendent Hyrum H. Gibby in charge. The roll indicated the superintendency, six offi-

cers, and thirty-two teachers in attendance. The school sang, In our Lovely Deseret, which was followed by invocation offered by Elder William Heming. The reading and accepting of the minutes of February 28th, preceded the song.

Far, far Away on Judea's Plains The Sacrament was administered by Elders Jesse C. Little and Le Roy Randall, assisted by Deacons Josiah Welch, William Eddington, and Leander Sim. The memory exercise, consisting of the Testimony of Three Witnesses, was led by Sister Evelyn Harding. After singing practice for fifteen minutes the classes adjourned to their several apartments and participated in department work under the supervision of their regular teachers. The following subjects were considered:

Theological: The Atonement.

First Intermediate: Life of Jacob.

Second Intermediate: Zoramites Banished.

Primary: John and his Preaching.

Kindergarten: The First Miracle.

After one hour of such work the school reassembled and was addressed by Stake Superintendent James H. Taggart on the Simplicity of the Savior's Life, showing that He too was once a child as many of those present were, but through obeying His parents and His Father in heaven He became His Father's choice son and the select of all God's children; and that we may become so by being likewise obedient. The song, Parting Hymn, was followed by benediction offered by Elder Walter Waldron.

Present:

3 Superintendency.

6 Officers

36 Teachers.

175 Male pupils.

200 Female pupils.

420 Grand total.

Per cent punctuality:

Officers, 95.

Teachers, 80.

Male pupils, 70.

Female pupils, 75.

Average, 80.

Winnie Fry, Secretary."

Why has the author of this paper taken the liberty to call attention to such a simple thing as a common set of minutes? His answer is that so many secretaries begin by saying, "Minutes of the — school." Is this necessary? Do we need to be told that they are the minutes? No.

Do you always state who is presiding? You ought to.

Do you abbreviate the superintendent's name? Do not do so again.

Do you state who is in charge? You should.

Do you make a distinction between those who bless the Sacrament and those who pass it? Do so next time.

In the term "fifteen minutes," do you spell "fifteen" or do you indicate by numerals? If the latter method is employed discard it.

If the school is addressed by anyone do you spell his name fully and indicate the position he holds? If you do all well and good.

Do you state simply that he spoke encouragingly or do you perform your duty as secretary and glean some good points from his remarks? If you simply state that he made some good remarks something is wrong with you or the brother who talked. If the fault is yours rectify it.

Do you make a brief summary of the attendance and per cent of punctuality at the close of your minutes? If not you may increase the value of your record by so doing: for the reason that this is of sufficient importance to demand such attention, and is a sort of distinctive feature of itself.

Do you always sign your name at the close of your minutes? If not, is it for the reason that you are ashamed of your minutes or your name?

Are all your sentences complete? In recording your minutes do you leave a margin about one inch down your paper at the left in which to make red ink entries of the date of the session the names of the prominent Stake or General Authorities present?

In the effort to present this set of minutes the following objective points have been sought:

1. State who presides, who in charge.
2. Write out in full the names of those taking part in the exercises.
3. Make choice of at least one point brought out by each of those who may speak.
4. Make a brief summary of attendance and per cent of punctuality at the close of your minutes.
5. Sign your name always as secretary.
6. Make every sentence complete.
7. In recording leave a margin for red ink entries.

Would it be advisable that every secretary in the stake follow a given set plan in taking his minutes? Yes and No. If he can not include all the vital points in other form, then Yes is the answer. If he can vary his language and still set forth all necessary information, then No is the reply.

Much good will come from the work of the secretary's department at Union meetings if the Stake Secretary will see to it that his instructions in this respect are definite and well grounded, and above all if his own records are in harmony therewith. Of course, it goes without saying, that the up-to-date Stake Secretary will frequently visit the ward Sunday Schools and inspect the records, insisting in a firm but kind manner that the recording

be kept up to date in a neat, creditable manner. In this work he will wisely solicit the co-operation of the ward superintendent.

But even after all this is done the historical record of the ward Sunday School is far from complete. It is not sufficient to keep an account of the proceedings of the school as a whole, but by some device each individual member of the school must be reached. To do this the following plan has proven very satisfactory:

Besides the general record book in which the minutes of all the meetings, including the general Sunday School sessions, the monthly teachers' meetings, the 9.45 gatherings, and the local boards are recorded, there should be in every ward a roll book in which should be written the names of the Bishopric of the ward, every officer, teacher and pupil of the school; so ruled as to give space for a mark for each attendance during the fifty-two Sundays of the year; and opposite each name after the space for attendance should be left a space for remarks in which may be inserted in the case of officers and teachers—when appointed and when released; and in the case of pupils, suggestive remarks as to the nature of the child—suggestions that may aid the teacher in ascertaining more readily the standing of the pupils under the tuition of his or her predecessor. All marks of attendance should be transferred from class registers to this general record in ink and with the greatest of care. The Stake Secretary should see to it that a uniform system of marking is adhered to in every school under his supervision. This general record should be sufficiently large to cover a period of not fewer than ten years. If this system is adopted it will stimulate a desire on the part of every Sunday School worker to maintain a high standard of attendance, and above all it will preserve the same. In how many

schools can you find a record of attendance, appointments and releases for a period of ten years past?

This system of historical record may prove very good for the ward; but it is equally important that the Stake Secretary be in possession of definite information respecting the history of Stake Sunday School workers and works, also of the laborers in every ward. To meet these demands the Morgan Stake has adopted the following historical record:

Besides a general minute record under several headings in which are recorded the deliberations of the Stake Board, we have two books; viz., Roll book and Record respectively. Each of these books is so ruled as to extend over a period of fifteen years.

The roll book consists of two divisions. The fore part of the book has to do with the record of Stake Board members and is ruled for the following items:

1. Name, 2. Position, 3. Year, 4. No. of Stake Board meetings attended during the year, 5. Union meetings attended, 6. Schools visited, 7. Local boards visited, 8. Annual conferences attended, and 9. Special meetings held.

The last part of the book deals with the ward schools, and is ruled as follows:

1. Year; 2. Name of school; 3. Union meetings; 4. Annual conferences; 5. Special meetings; and 6. Column for remarks.

The second book of "Record" is more strictly historical in nature. It is divided into three general divisions; the first of which deals with the name of every Stake Sunday School Board member and all department committees, their position, when appointed and when released, with a page

opposite each six names for a brief biographical history of each member.

The second division of the book deals in a similar manner with every ward officer.

In order to secure accuracy, printed slips are forwarded the ward secretaries, upon which to report any change in the official corps of the school.

The third and last division of the book is so ruled as to admit of a full and complete statistical and financial report compiled from the different yearly ward reports.

Both the books referred to take up the historical record from the first of January, 1900, and are intended to extend over a period of ten years. Previous to this time the Jubilee history gives a more or less detailed account of the Sunday School work.

By way of a general summary let it be said:

1. The historian should sense his position.

2. He should record sufficient but not too much.

3. He must keep not alone concise and accurate minutes; but also a record of attendance, appointments and releases.

4. The Stake Secretary must aid in this work by looking sharply but kindly into the matter.

5. The Stake Secretary must keep a record of attendance of all Stake Board members at regular and special meetings.


6. The Stake Secretary must accurately record all appointments, releases and historical notes of all board members and ward officers.

7. All must seek the divine aid of the Spirit of God in their holy calling.

Henry B. Fry.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A QUESTION OF SUPREME IMPORTANCE.

HE equivalent of gold and silver to water in Utah makes the question of irrigation one of supreme importance. The writer recently stood in the orchard of a successful horticulturalist who was directing a small irrigating stream under trees laden with the best of fruit.

"Have you any secrets in the irrigation of your orchard?" he was asked.

"No," was the reply, "except that I do not irrigate until I have to. I cultivate the ground and keep in the spring moisture as long as possible. People make a great mistake by early irrigation; it bakes the soil which the water can hardly penetrate in mid-summer when the fruit needs the water most."

There is no doubt that we are losing thousands of dollars in Utah every year by our imperfect and wasteful methods of irrigation. There is an unconscious conceit about many of us who think that because we were the first we are, therefore, the best in the methods of irrigation. Then, again, men imagine that long usage becomes authority, and what father did is good enough for them.

A timely article appears in the "Deseret Farmer" from the pen of Dr. Widtsoe of the Agricultural College. It is so full of valuable information that it is given here in full. The "Deseret Farmer" is a new paper recently started with a view of bringing home to our farmers the information most necessary to our local needs. As the paper is new, the article here given may probably not have come to the attention of many of our readers.

DON'T WASTE WATER.

Stop that waste of water! It is going on from Richmond in the North to St. George in the

South. A trifle over one per cent of our lands is under cultivation—99 per cent are waiting to be redeemed, and we dare to waste water!

By waste of water, I mean the use of more water than is needed for the profitable production of crops; and the maintenance of leaky, uncared for canals that allow the seepage of one-fourth to one-half of all the water that enters them. Careless of our own good, and the prosperity of our children, we stand idly by and watch in apathetic silence the waste of life-giving water; or worse still, unmindful of our brother's right, or ignorant of the harm we do, we, ourselves, by our own hands and by our own direction, sanction the waste of water! Stop it! Stop it now!

I trust that ignorance is chiefly responsible for this waste. Every western farmer knows how essential water is for the production of crops, and misguided by the idea that the more applied, the larger the yield, he uses every endeavor to obtain the greatest possible amount of water for his fields. With the present development of knowledge, such ideas are no longer justifiable. Experiment and skillful practice have demonstrated beyond question, that excessively large irrigations actually decrease the yield of all the ordinary farm crops. Considering the value of water light irrigations are the most profitable; and the farmer who, instead of drowning the plants on one field, waters moderately two or three fields, will get much larger returns for the capital and labor invested. Note as an illustration one of the many similar results obtained at the Utah Experiment Station. One acre of sugar beets to which had been added water enough during the season to cover the land to a depth of 30 inches, yielded 19 tons of sugar beets. Two acres which received together as much water as was added to the first acre alone, yielded 30 tons of beets: an increase of 11 tons, due to the wise use of water.

It is a fairly safe rule to follow that on the majority of the grain fields of this State, not more water should be added than would cover the land to a depth of 10 inches, if applied at one time. On clayey soils, much less would be better. For sugar beets and other similar crops, 15 inches of water would probably be ample, and for grasses, 7.5 or fewer inches would suffice. Actual tests made by the U. S. Department of Agriculture have shown that the use of water

in this State, averages over 40 inches per season, that is two or three times as much as would yield the best results.

But aside from the diminution of crop yield, over irrigation does irreparable damage. As the soil is saturated, and saturated again with water, the valuable plant foods of the soil are washed down lower and lower, until the ground water is reached. Thus the soil is robbed of its fertility, and the ground water is filled with alkali. By and by the ground water rises, approaches the surface, and in the low lands the alkali rises and renders unfertile vast areas of desirable farm country.

Is there an irrigated valley in Utah, the low lying lands of which are not being filled with bitter alkali water that in time will spread ruin among the farms? I know of none; and yet, if water had not been wasted in the past, the alkali scourge would have been insignificant today.

Soils on the benches, underlaid with gravel beds, should receive very light and frequent irrigations. Heavy irrigations do not help the crops, but simply fill the bottom lands with useless water. Is the man on the bench his brother's keeper? Do the glistening alkali spots on our bottom lands answer? Stop that waste of water!

And the canal companies who maintain leaky canals—what of them? They would better elect new directors who will stop the leaks. It's no use saying the leaks can't be stopped. In the majority of cases it is not true. A lot of hustle, a few teams and men, plenty of clay, a little rock and mortar, and a few barrels of cement, and the leakage from most of our canals can be reduced to 5 per cent or less. The expense will be more than offset by the increased flow of water which will increase the acreage under the canal; and the experience in hustling will be of incalculable value to the whole community. Let a leaky canal be a disgrace to those who own it. Stop that waste of water, if you love your country!

Then there is the water grabber, who is so greedy that he begs, takes or steals, and misuses water, simply to keep it from his neighbor—to maintain his claim upon it, as he says. I have heard of the ancient and occasionally wholesome practice of riding certain fellow citizens out of town. It would be delightfully wholesome if tried upon the greedy water-grabber, who does not know, or care to use the water right. This western country depends upon irrigation for its prosperity. Let us learn the best use of water—the most economical and profitable use. What-

ever evasion we attempt, we cannot escape the truth that in matters of irrigation, we are our brothers' keepers, and we do not want the curse of Cain.

The man who wastes water injures himself, his neighbors, the strangers on the lower farms, his State, and the coming generations of sons and daughters. Less than one per cent of our lands are irrigated. Let it be our pride so to use the water at our disposal that 10 per cent may be reclaimed.

Don't waste the water!



A NEW RESOURCE FOR THE HOLY LAND.

It is now proposed to generate twenty-five thousand horse power somewhere in the valley of the Jordan by turning the Mediterranean and the Red Sea into the Dead Sea. It is claimed that this is feasible, since the level of the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below the Mediterranean. One project would be to run a canal from the bay of Acre in an easterly direction just south of Mount Tabor and let it join the waters of the Jordan at a place called Baslan. A more feasible route, however, would be from Akaba on the Red Sea through the desert of Wady-el-Jebel.

It is claimed that a large canal running into the Dead Sea, a canal sufficient to produce a twenty-five thousand horse power, would have no appreciable effect on its level; that is, its waters would not rise sufficient to diminish the fall, since the daily evaporation from the Dead Sea is something like six million tons. Twenty-five thousand horse power converted into electricity and carried to the valley the Sharon and the smaller valleys of Palestine, might have a magic effect by lifting subterranean waters to the surface, where they could be used in irrigation. Today the orange groves about Jaffa are among the finest in the world, and they are irrigated by water drawn up in buckets which are lifted by means of old-fashioned wheels. There is a consider-

able amount of subterranean water in all parts of the Holy Land, and this subterranean water extends south in the direction of the Arabian desert.

Those who have been in Mesa, Arizona, and have seen the electric pumps lifting large streams of water from a depth of from thirty to forty feet, can easily understand what effect such pumping processes might have on the arid lands of Palestine. In that country the great problem has been how to get a return of the trees and the forests that once covered the land; for the forestry of the Holy Land brought rainfall to the country that enlarged the irrigating streams, which are now almost entirely dried up the greater part of the year. This canal project indicates the trend of thought among those who are constantly devising means which it is thought will effectually redeem the Promised Land.

THE PHILIPPINE CENSUS.

THE census of the Philippine islands has recently been taken, and affords us a more accurate knowledge of the islands than has heretofore obtained. Our rough estimates of ten millions of population have been wide of the mark. The number actually given is, 7,635,426; of these, 647,740 are classified as uncivilized and wild. According to the census there are 343 islands that have names besides some that are unnamed. The population of the city of Manila is given as 219,028. Of these it is said that 15,901 reside on vessels in the harbor.

The origin of the Philipinos has been a question of much dispute, though the present mixed races may be to some measure accounted for. General Sanger, who has charge of the census bureau of the islands, thinks that the aborigines of the Philippines are the Negritos, of whom 23,000 are still found on the islands.

The Negritos are distributed through different provinces and have no fixed habitations or occupations. They are small in stature, the males averaging about four feet and ten inches. They are black and have the curly, bushy hair. They wander about the islands, living on such food as they can find. A striking peculiarity of these people is the manner in which they can use their toes. They are prehensile and can be manipulated quite as easily as the fingers. The Negritos are very much the same as the Malays, though their origin is shrouded somewhat in obscurity. Among the other wild tribes of the islands are the Igorotes, who are found largely in northern Luzon.

THE RUSSIANS IN PALESTINE.

ACCORDING to Russian consular reports, there were in the Holy Land six years ago nine thousand children who attended the Russian schools in Syria; today there are twenty thousand. This increase of children in the schools is in keeping with Russian activity in the Holy Land, as the Russians lead by far all other Christian denominations throughout that country, and especially in Jerusalem, in the purchase of lands, building of churches, establishment of hospitals, and maintenance of monasteries.

Just outside the walls of the old Jerusalem, the Russians have built a new Jerusalem with modern buildings, which constitute a sort of town that overlooks the old city, a fortress that commands Jerusalem. Within the last few years the Russians have bought one-third of the land constituting the Mount of Olives. On the top of the mount they have built a lofty tower and close by a Church of the Ascension.

The Russians have shown wonderful zeal in educating native children, and they often send the leading students

among them to pursue their education in Russia. After these students have remained in that country for two or three years (they are generally boys) a Russian wife is found for them and they return to Palestine as teachers. Russian influence in Palestine is a means of fastening the loyalty of the people to the czar throughout his empire. No Russian is ever likely to look with any favor upon the Zionist movement, for the Russians expect to bring Palestine as completely as possible within the sphere of their influence.

POOR CRETE.

FOR centuries the unhappy island of Crete was the victim of Turkish misrule and official corruption. Finally a measure of independence came under the guardianship of Greece. Prince George was made high commissioner of the country. He was pledged to devote himself to the pacification of the country, to its prosperity and welfare. The people of the island were anxious to please the prince. They wanted him to supervise the getting up of their constitution. His salary was fixed at first at \$30,000 a year, and later at \$40,000, which is one twenty-fifth of the entire revenue of the island.

There was given him the right to appoint ten of the Cretan parliament, and practically all of the higher administrative officers; of the thirty-nine he appointed twenty-one were Greeks from Athens. Restrictions were put upon the press which practically meant its suppression. He secured fifty per cent higher pay for Greek officials than was allowed the Cretan of the same rank.

When the political friends of Professor Jannaris got up remonstrances against Prince George, the professor was at once thrown into prison. A committee was appointed to visit the prince and lay their

grievances before him. Now comes the report that he abused them like pickpockets, and after humiliating them, dismissed their petition with contempt.

If all this had been done by the Sultan of Turkey a crusade would have been insisted upon by the press of the Christian world. The government of Turkey is not the worst government in the world, not even worse than that of some Christian nations. It is all simply a confirmation of the declaration frequently made that no one in or about Turkey could govern the mixed races of Turkey so well as the Sultan.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE LAW.

STATISTICIANS tell us that there are two million civil suits brought in this country every year; one in eight of the voting population, provided there was but one plaintiff to each suit. In France the number is much less, 800,000 annually. Italy runs high, 1,400,000 a year; but the Germans lead the list with 3,000,000. It is estimated that England pays for 1,500,000 suits \$7,800,000 a year. We evidently pay a much larger sum, though here an estimate would be mostly guess work. In England, the appeal cases that are successful are one in every three. That means that every third case must be tried over.

Who is responsible for all this litigation? The lawyers it will be said. That is not the case. The curious fact is brought out that the measure of litigation is the number of laws or statutes on the statute books. For these numerous laws, the legislators are responsible. We suffer every two years in Utah from over-legislation. Legislators must go back to their constituents with a record. The fact is, they give unnecessary encouragement to litigation.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SOME FUNNY FOLK.

I knew a very funny man
With nothing much to do,
But just to exercise his mind
He taught his dog to mew.

And when the dog had learned to mew,
So pleased he was at that
He took the bark the dog had lost
And taught it to his cat.

Both mews and barks were badly done,
The man himself was cracked,
And neither dog nor cat nor man
Imagined what they lacked.

But quite as funny are the men
Who go by one strict rule,
As to the things their boys are taught
In college or in school.

Who artists into lawyers turn,
And nature's rights refuse
By making poets of the boys
Who should be cobbling shoes.

Selected.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Keeping House With Pa.

VICTOR, IDAHO.

I thought I would write a letter to the Letter-Box. I have three sisters and three brothers living and one sister dead. So is my mama dead. She died when I was two years old. My brothers and sisters are all married but brother Robert,

and he is away at work. Pa and I batch together and we find it rather lonely. I have to cook and I am ten years old and pa is seventy-three. This Fourth of July we are all going to Driggs. They are going to have a carnival, or fair, and I made a ball to put in it. The money we make goes towards building our new Tabernacle. I go to Sunday School and my name is

JAMES EVERETT POWELL.



A Farmer's Boy.

ALBION, IDAHO.

I live on a farm. We have 260 acres of land. My father is an officer in the Sunday School, and auditor and recorder of Cassia County. I take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and am very glad that I like to read the little letters. I go to Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class. I am 11 years old.

Your new friend,

JOSEPH ARTHUR HAIGHT.



Taken Care of by Grandma.

COVE, SEVIER CO., UTAH,

I am ten years old. My mother died when I was sixteen days old. I have a good grandma who has taken care of me. When I was eight years old I was baptized by Brother Jackman. I go to Sunday School and love my teachers. I also

love to sing the Sunday School hymns
and to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ROSANNA M. LEVIE.



A Dream that Was Not an Idle One.

I stood in dream, and a young man came by—one that used to take my childish fancy when we went to school, in the days when I would slyly “pull faces” behind the teacher’s back to make the other children laugh. He went out to work in a mining camp all alone, and lost his good name; and I had chosen to scorn him, after the way of the world, but in my heart I pitied him. “Where are you going tonight?” I said. “Up to R—All the fellows are going.” I had a desire not to prolong the talk, as I could do nothing to dissuade him from his pleasure. Something of the old feeling seemed to be between us, and he said: “Wait, I will give you some candy—but I like tobacco better.”

“Why, W——! Do you smoke?” I asked.

“Yes, I have smoked for the last year or two.”

He faded from my view, leaving me with a distressing thought. My brother came to milk the cows. He, too, wanted some tobacco, I had cherished the hope that my little brothers would never use it. The pain was in my heart that sometimes clutches it with such a tightened hold, That little brother of mine! Yes, and W—— was someone’s little brother once, and I scorned him. And Christ said they were both my brothers.

I found my voice, “O G——!” I cried, “I did not know you smoked. Why did you begin?” “Well,” my brother answered, “there wasn’t much sense in going to bed so early, like little babies, and there was no one to read or tell stories or play at home, so I went out with the boys,”

I awoke. Oh! the condemning state-

ment!—not for him, but for me, who had so far forgotten him, when I was away from home where I could tell no stories, as not to write to him. I could tell about so many things interesting to his boyish taste. Would he not appreciate it more as coming from a sister? Would he not live nearer that sister’s ideal if she remembered and considered him away from home as well as at home?

I wrote to him before I finished my toilet. After that I sang, thanked the mysterious power that woke me to my duty while I slept.

R. A. A. R.



A Good Gift From a Mother.

PLAIN, CITY, UTAH.

Seeing nothing from here I thought I would write. I go to Sunday School, I am in the second intermediate. My teachers are Sisters Louie Rawson and Lillian England and Brother Thomas Cottle. Mama gave me the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for a Christmas present. I haven’t any brothers or sisters. I am thirteen years old.

LOUISE MOYES.

Learn to *think*, dear children. Tell something about the places you live in, and what people are doing in them.—ED.



Would Like to Visit Salt Lake.

Would you like to hear from a boy in Arizona, where it is so dry that we have no grass for the cows and horses to eat, so they are very poor? I had a little pony to ride, but we cannot find him this summer. I would like to visit Salt Lake City. My grandpa stays there sometimes, he lives in East Bountiful. His name is John McNiel. I am thirteen years old.

RAY MILLS.

VOLUNTARY in F.

J. L. BATTMANN.

Andante:

Flute.
p

Man.



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